

VOLUME 19 ISSUE 2

# THE OMEN

OCTOBER 4th, 2002



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## omen

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Cover by David Frankel

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKI

Views in the Omen (5)  
Do not necessarily (7)  
Reflect the staff's views (5)



## to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 7 p.m. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: **Merril C108, Box 853, x4481**. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to [ajm99@hampshire.edu](mailto:ajm99@hampshire.edu).

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple website at [omen.hampshire.edu](http://omen.hampshire.edu)

I respectfully request that you NOT bring my monkeys into this.

Quote attributed to Matthew Montgomery

## TROLLING FOR TROLLS

an editorial



So by now you've probably heard about the offensive posts on the Daily Jolt. Due to the *Omen's* biweekly publishing schedule and this campus' short attention span, you may have entirely forgotten about the issue by the time this gets published. What happened, essentially, is that the dumb-ass anonymous posts on the Jolt have reached a level of dumbassery that some people consider offensive. Offensive enough to get the administration involved, anyway. I've been at Hampshire long enough to know what happens next: either the problem subsides and issue blows over, or innocent people get accused of racism.

Now, the Daily Jolt struck me as suspicious from day one. [dailyjolt.com](http://dailyjolt.com) is an independent site with student-maintained "editions" for various colleges, including Hampshire. My first year, the reps for the Hampshire Jolt put ads around campus that said something like "The Internet: it's not just for pornography anymore". What, I asked myself, could be more interesting than pornography? Some variety of super-pornography? Turns out the Daily Jolt had dining hall menus, event listings, and a forum. No porn.

But over the years the Jolt forum has proved to be an excellent venue for people to anonymously sling mud at other members of the Hampshire community. Often, people claiming to be Hampshire students (they're obviously not) will say something stupid just to get people on our campus riled up. Sadly, it works. See, these posters are trolls, people who use the anonymity of the Internet to say ridiculous stuff with the intention of annoying people and getting attention. They are, effectively, misbehaving 6-year-olds, and as such it's best to ignore them. Trying to "correct" them is a waste of keystrokes.

So trolling on the Jolt is nothing new, but recently it has taken on an unpleasantly racial tone. A few weeks ago someone asked a legitimate question about what it's like to be black at Hampshire; trolls (and especially the people responding to the trolls) caused the thread to degenerate quickly. Since then, a variety of fairly boneheaded posts – some racist, some anti-Semitic – have surfaced. The user moderation feature of the Jolt has been used to block some posts. Someone who considered these posts offensive complained to the administration, who assured us in an all-community e-mail that "We will do everything we can to expose those who perpetrated these acts".

If I may editorialize, and this is an editorial, I'm disappointed with the way people have reacted to the posts. You can't objectively say whether or not something is offensive, and for that reason it seems wrong to punish people who say offensive things. I submit to you the *Onion* faux editorial "Genocide Is Such A Harsh Word" written from the perspective of a military leader addressing a U.N. tribunal. "Even 'ethnic cleansing' has become a dirty word nowadays", he complains. "It's getting so that you can't work toward purification without someone calling you the new Hitler." Whether the article is offensive or brutally and hilariously honest is up to you, not the writer.

Ultimately, for the sake of fairness and on-campus harmony, we have to withhold judgment, at least for a while. Creating an atmosphere where people can't say what they want is going to lead to an atmosphere of repression – hell, I'd say it already has – and people will start saying offensive things just to break out of it. In conclusion: racism is bad. False accusations of racism are no better.

## policy

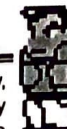
The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous

submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff; the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings; every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



by Michael Zole, editor-in-chief



# MY SUPER POWER IS NOT THROWING UP WHEN YOU SPEAK

So long as we're manufacturing able-minded citizens - productive members of a global community - I'd like to offer a suggestion. This is a hard learned lesson that came to me slowly over the course of my two years away from beautiful Hampshire College. It is no small point. I hope that it helps you, and those around you, fine reader, to live better more productive lives in the larger world beyond our 800 acres.

Shut the fuck up, asshole.

Yes, I mean you, and myself as well. Face it, you don't know shit about shit. Hampshire prepares you... No, college in general, prepares you for nothing except maybe some more college. So really, learn to be quiet. You'll be better off for it. I will elaborate. Then I will shut up.

A man gives you a choice, you either shut the fuck up or he's going to punch you right in the nose. Hard. Hard enough, he says, to drive the bones in your face into your brain and kill you. Do you a) shut the fuck up; b) continue talking? Yes, I think the answer is simple. Talking about the perpetuation of a cycle of violence dating back to... SMACK! Smell that? Nothing smells like frontal lobe.

You purchase a piece of computer equipment that is incompatible with your system. When you go to return it, you find that the store will not accept it. This information is, in fact, on

your receipt and posted behind the cash register as well. You begin to plead your case. You have no money to spend on things you can't use and so forth. From behind you a woman tells you in no uncertain terms that you should shut the fuck up, asshole, and get out of line or she's going to call store security. Do you a) shut the fuck up and leave, taking your useless piece of hardware with you; b) keep causing a scene and get escorted out of the store, taking your useless piece of hardware with you? The answer to this one is a little harder. But when you see a guy you went to high school with, a geek, who now happens to be store manager watching the whole exchange intently, well, I think you'll shut the fuck up, stop being an asshole and walk out with what is left of your dignity.

**Nothing smells  
like frontal lobe.**

And what the fuck were you doing in a store? Are you a friggin' capitalist? Christ, if only your Hampshire classmates could have been there to prop you up with some socioeconomic deconstruction. Or were you the anarchist of the group? Oops. Hypocrites too, should shut the fuck up.

You're overheard waxing philosophic on homelessness. I hear you waxing philosophic about homelessness. I tell you to shut the fuck up, I've been homeless, and until you live in a family shelter you can keep your

continued on next page

by Justin Philpot, contributor

# A SLAM POEM IN PROTEST

All around me, words circle  
On the asphalt of capitalist Oppression  
On the crushed skins of slaughtered saplings  
On the tongues of the fat man and the scholar alike  
Infesting my mind, with their conformist grammar. Reining in my thoughts with their

## CORRECT SPELLING

"Thoughts must be classified" he says  
we must sort your orgasmic scream and your thoughtless growl  
cut through them, force punctuation between them.  
(And later tell them they asked for it)

Forcing me to spell my words HIS way  
Forcing me to use his semicolons, his commas, and his  
Periods.  
Periods.

not hot and red like the wasted life that ebbs from my loins  
waxing and waning like the moon  
(themoonthatdoesnotknowthewaysofspacebars)  
but black and white.

Black letters Against white paper.  
A Segregation the MAN thinks necessary  
A Segregation that is never questioned.  
"Eat up son, It's the breakfast of Champions"



continued from previous page

# MY SUPER POWER IS...

fucking mouth shut. Do you a) apologize and shut the fuck up, because you are, in fact, being a total asshole; b) try and explain how it is possible to wax philosophic about homelessness, stuttering through a few syllables before you apologize and I just walk away from you. The answer here is both a & b, if only because both have you apologizing for talking about shit you have no experience dealing with.

I truly hope these examples clear up a few

things for you, dear reader. I hope all of us can keep them in mind the next time we're monopolizing a classroom full of people, talking on and on about things we don't truly understand with no consequences other than being told that we're disagreed with. Outside the classroom people have very different ways of telling you they disagree with what you say. And most take it a whole hell of a lot more personal.



# SECTION HATE

We hate so  
you don't  
have to.



# SECTION SPEAK

## "GEE, IMAGINE THAT!" TROLLS ON THE INTERNET"

**Y**es, jew, if you are reading this you are in luck. i need an hard working, scheming, clever jew. or ten, to work in my factory and to swindle blacks. if you are interested and do not object to german discipline let me know.

- "jobs for jews" posted by colonel franz von hausenberg (Guest) on the Hampshire Daily Jolt, 9/18, 8:35 PM

hey guys! listen, this controversy is really hard, crazy, negative energy and all. but if you have been feeling the racist tip, theres a skinhead meeting behind the library tonight at 12. oh yea and if u r a jewblackmexchinkor fag come too, we need prey.

- "Skinhead Meeting" posted by Bob (Guest) on the Hampshire Daily Jolt, 9-20, 7:43 PM

Its been awhile since i felted the need to hit yall crackas off with some science of what it be like to live in whitey's Klanshire college. Ever since they let me up in this place I been wishing to the lord up above they never did. Let me put it to you like this: yalls dont be peeping what I be peeping. Musta been not five fucking minutes ago I had to slap this bitch ass white boy for tryin ta take my hooptie bike. Stupid ass cracka thought that because the shit wasnt locked that he could snatch it up like aint no thang. Well guess what white boy, it was on lock, I had my eyes on my peice the whole time. I

through that little pasty faced bitch ass whitey to the ground, and when he look up to see me I swear I though he was gonna cry. I done picked hmn up and str8 slapped him back hand to the grill and ask him why he done it. He starts stuttering and saying he was gonna bring the shit back. I made him bring my hooptie ride back to the mod, and apologize to all my homies too. Sucka ass bitch. Damn I hate stupid ass crackas.

- "Another Day At Klanshire" posted by Reggie (Guest) on the Hampshire Daily Jolt, 9-24, 5:58 PM

Bigotry is not a joke. Racism, anti-Semitism and homophobia reflect attitudes that are antithetical to an education mind and are unambiguously unwelcome at Hampshire. These attitudes injure all members of the community. We will all be on campus Monday morning, September 23, 2002, and each of us will continue our efforts to eradicate this behavior. Those who have been hurt and angered by these actions have our sympathy and support. We stand with you. We will do everything we can to expose those who perpetrated these acts.

- from an All Community E-mail: 9/20, 1:49 PM

**T**he only thing that offends me is bad satire.

This is my fifth semester working for the *Omen*, a free

by Jeffrey Paternostro, columnist

continued from previous page

## TROLLS ON THE INTERNET

speech publication. I am only one year removed from being hauled in front of a review board under accusations that the very publication I worked for was defaming and harassing a member of this campus. The implication in his claims was clear. The *Omen* is a racist publication. A few years ago, it was the *Omen* demeans women and specifically, women of color. But this latest controversy is not about the *Omen*. Still, it bears mentioning, since I feel my experiences on the *Omen* have given me a slightly different perspective.

This is not a free speech issue. The jolt is a privately run message board, as such the owners, and through them, the webmasters, can set in place any limits they want on who can post and what they can post. If every anti-Semitic and racist post had been pulled, people could cry censorship all they wanted (they would be misusing the term, but that's another issue entirely) and it wouldn't make a damn difference. You don't like it, start your own message board.

Internet message boards in general, are not a good place to seek out and enlightened debate on an important issue, such as racism at Hampshire. When people can hide behind a cloak of anonymity, they can and will say things they would never say if you met them face to face. This is not something unique to the Jolt. Any message board that allows anonymous posting has at one time or another probably been bombarded with similar posts. Maybe those above origi-

nated on campus, maybe they didn't. A simple IP check could probably reveal at least that. Admittedly, I was surprised at the sheer volume of posts along those lines, but Hampsters have never shied away of running things into the ground. In a perfect world, such notions would fall to the wayside in the marketplace of ideas, or at least be even slightly entertaining satire of the PC mindset of Hampshire. As it stands, neither is happening. We probably haven't seen the last of those posts,

and they probably won't get even remotely amusing.

Even free speech at Hampshire has its limits. It is a private institution, after all. We enrolled here under the understanding that as a private institution they could put limits on the freedoms we might enjoy outside of Hampshire. Hampshire's free speech record is pretty crappy, as has been documented quite a few times in this publication. The school has not been afraid to limit speech that might "offend" people. And take actions to censure those who make such speech, like say any article critical of anything done by anyone on campus. I would like nothing more than to give Reggie, bob, and colonel franz von hausenberg a piece of my mind for writing such awful, awful satire. I feel pretty safe in my declaration of their satirical intents. Anyone who seriously espouses those beliefs are generally better educated, inasmuch as they don't misspell 'piece,' and are probably

much too busy in pitched fights with the Southern Poverty Law Center to bother posting at our little message board. I may be wrong. It wouldn't be the first time.

Maybe I'm mellowing in my old age. Maybe I am too busy with my own third year workload to get worked up over the prospect of someone yanking the chain of the PC elite here anymore. I guess when you've been here long enough, you get bored with your staff members

being banned from the women center, or offended students plastering your face all over campus under the headline "racist." I used to find these notions amusing. But now they are just tiresome. There are a lot of problems on this campus to be sure. Racism being one of them. Racism as a backlash to the political correctness of the college in general being another. Political correctness trampling over free speech yet another. None of these are necessarily indicative of the posts on the jolt, nor are they going to be solved there. It will take actual dialogue, and I am certain that I won't see that in my time at this college.

And I'll probably be here for a while.

Until next time,

Q: What do you call an Italian with an I.Q. of 180?

A: Sicily.



News, Commentary,  
Announcements,  
Propaganda,  
Editorials.

## RESPONSE TO TOM DOHERTY

Some people may have found Mod 101's postering campaign offensive. That's their right and I leave them to express their views. However, your complaints don't seem to have much ground. First of all, when asked to remove the posters by Prescott housing staff, the 101 modmates immediately did so. I did not see the so-called "offensive" posters until I arrived at the party and as far as I'm aware, people are allowed to decorate their mods however they choose (as long as it doesn't permanently change the mod.) Instead, the posters were replaced by a censored version.

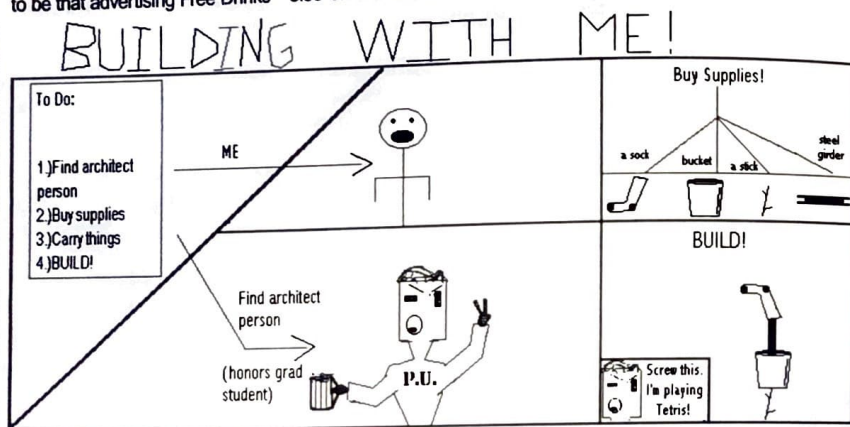
Your main complaint seemed to be that advertising Free Drinks

for Ladies was the same as advertising rape. I don't agree with this at all. It is still the ladies' choice whether or not to drink, how much to drink, and whether or not they wish to participate in sexual activities. Additionally, not just ladies but everyone was drinking free at the party.

I, for one, do not particularly like pornography; in fact, just the opposite. But these posters weren't exactly graphic. The only one that offended me was the one that read "mission accomplished" and that was merely because it was so goal-oriented. It's my personal right to be offended. That doesn't mean that I think someone else should remove that poster

from my sight so I'm not exposed to such lechery.

I come from the conservative city of Salt Lake where people have been known to tear pages from anatomy books of the Brigham Young library to prevent moral degradation. I find it frustrating to find the same sort of censorship rampant on this campus. Yes, it would be great if people would be considerate of each other. But it seems that no matter what you do, you will offend someone. In this case, the people who posterized realized they had stepped on some toes and retracted their offensive material. What more can you ask?



3-5 As the sun broke over the decayed remains of apples I thought of wasps. Wasps are attracted to the sickly sweet smell of rotting fruit and come in droves. They defend the fallen like Rangers, leaving none behind save those of whom only pieces can be found. I traverse their field when I go to the Post Office. It is theirs and I make no claim on it.

It has been a very long night. More like a day, a night, and day again. Being up this long without chemical assistance is foolish. In the end it is your

mind that keeps you up. Chemicals work. Yes. Otherwise why would chemical companies exist? No, the mind provides images instead.

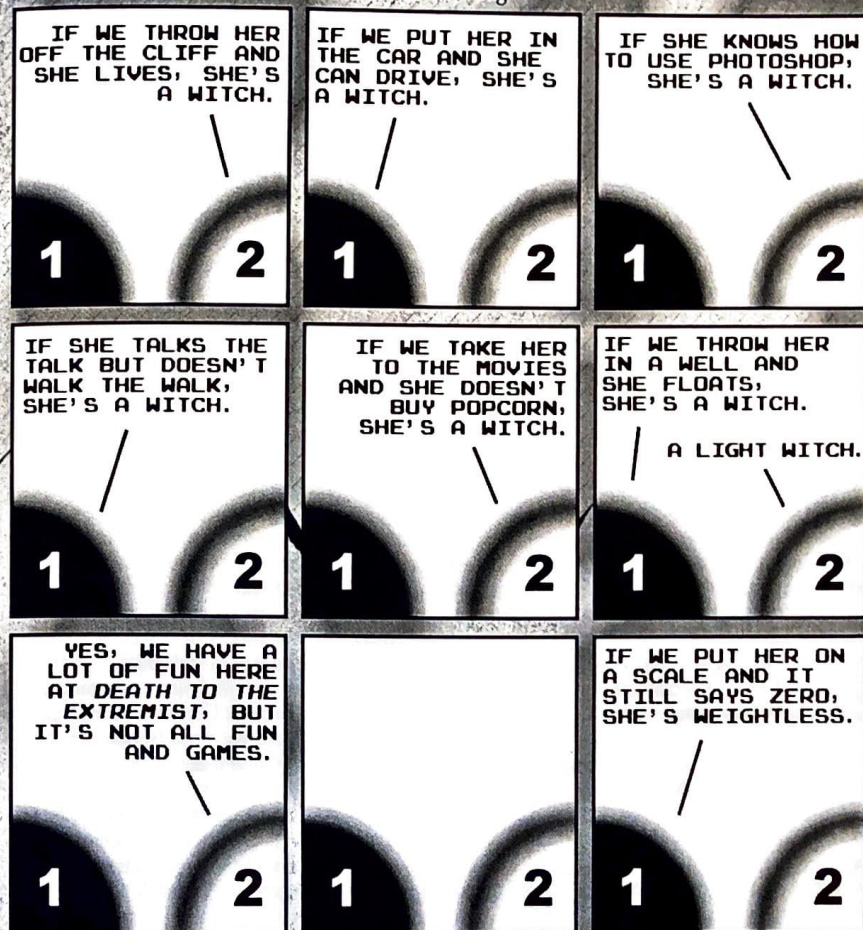
Eyes close and the back of your mind surges forth to open them again. You have shit to do and fuck you if you think you're falling asleep. An image of a man draped over a railing, the torn red crescent of what used to be his entire right side is there. Eyes open. All right now. Better. I'm awake. Typing. Just no more thoughts tonight. I think I'm almost done anyway.



## DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXXVI

by M. Zole

[www.zole.org](http://www.zole.org)



## THREE CHEERS FOR THE MAN

So, here I am, sick and tired at around midnight, and what am I doing? Writing an *Omen* article. I love being Div III.

Originally I was going to write the usual *Omen* rant about how Hampshire students are dumb and how bitter I am and how hard my life is, but then I thought about it and decided that other people will probably cover the dumb Hampshire student thing. I'm really not all that bitter despite my best attempts, and really my life is pretty sweet. So instead, I am writing that rarest of all things... an *Omen* article in praise of a wonderful person.

Now, during my time here I have heard many a rumor that Tom Doherty is a bad, bad man. I am here tonight to roundly reject these rumors! In fact, despite popular belief, Tom Doherty is the shit. Here is a list for you of the reasons why Tom Doherty is the shit.

1. Tom Doherty really tries to improve the situations of Hampshire students. Last year, I and a group of unnamed students with whom I work on a certain student group found ourselves in the difficult situation of having a lot of trouble with a particular student. Unsure of how to deal with this, we went to Tom Doherty to see what courses of action were available to us. Much to my surprise, Mr. Doherty actually listened to our complaint, the reasoning behind it, and why we needed his help. And then, miracle of miracles, he took action! Now, granted, the action he took never actually came to fruition, but nevertheless this fine gentleman did what he could on our behalf, which is more than can be said for a lot of the faculty, staff and administration of this school. Most of the higher ups here have learned

that it is a waste of their time to try and help students, since for the most part all they get in return is a lot of whining about how everything doesn't always work out the way we want it to. Tom Doherty, on the other hand, appears to have an endless supply of patience and goodwill.

2. Tom Doherty wrote an *Omen* article. To the best of my knowledge, this is the only instance since I have attended this school (and I am one of those slow Hampshireites who takes forever to get out of here) that a non-student has actually written an *Omen* article. On occasion writings of admin and faculty have been quoted in this esteemed magazine, but I cannot recall one actually writing an *Omen* article.

3. Tom Doherty not only wrote said article, but he made an excellent, well stated and well thought out statement on his actions on the Mod 101 party posters. Now, I personally thought that those posters were some brilliant, funny and non-offensive advertising. In fact, I still hold that opinion, but Tom Doherty presented to me a number of reasons why some other people might not think so, and I can only agree with his reasoning. While I'm not sure how I take to being told I should jump off a cliff by him (I confess that I have never connected "Ladies Drink Free" to date rape - I think I've just seen it so often that its ceased to mean anything at all to me, and since I doubt the folks in 101 were charging anyone to drink I doubt they meant it that way either), I confess that his reasons for suggesting this course of action are valid. I may just do it one of these days. Furthermore, whether or not you agree with the action taken on

these posters I challenge any of you to argue with his logic. And in addition to all of that, he wrote an article free from grammatical and spelling errors. Apparently, from papers, articles and posts to the Jolt that I've read, most of us can't do that.

4. Tom Doherty is not afraid to mock himself, a rare trait here at Camp Hamp. Both in his article and in my interactions with Tommy in person, he has shown no fear of making fun of his own age, dorkiness, and slow wit. In actuality, he is far from slow-witted, but nevertheless he makes fun of himself for it.

5. Tom Doherty, in his article, uses the words and phrases "frustrated as all hell", "Joe Frat Boy", "Hampshire PC Patrol", "fucking", "ladies, please come and get really drunk so we can fuck you", "get it on", and "please jump off a cliff right now" WITHOUT giving the impression of trying to impress us cool young people with how much like us he is. Rather, the tone of his entire article is honest and straightforward, written like he actually talks, without any of the pretension so frequently handed to us by faculty and admin.

For all of these reasons, and many that I am sure I don't know about yet, Tom Doherty is the shit. And if any of you disagree and would care to argue that Tom Doherty is NOT the shit, I feel confident that he would be willing to hear your complaints and react openly and honestly to them, which is yet more proof of his supreme shittyness. Okay, that didn't sound quite like I wanted it to, but you get the point. Tom Doherty, I salute you!



## STOP BUGGING ME!

For my first submission to the *Omen*, I was planning to write a serious article... you know, like my views on the first amendment or anonymous posting, that kind of stuff. But there will always be time for articles like that, so instead I'm going to write an article that, though comical in nature, is every bit as pertinent to my daily existence on this campus. I'm talking about the Hampshire College Fly Problem.

Back at home, I never had problems with flies or other insect pestilences. My mom complained about ants in the bathroom, but I never saw them. She bought a can of stuff that promises to kill ants on contact... I would have offered her my shoe for free, as it does the same thing.

But at Hampshire, it's another story. Sure, I expected flies in Saga, but not in my secret base! Er, I mean dorm room, yeah, dorm room. I've killed nine flies in my room over the past two days, and a tenth is buzzing around me as I write this. I'm hoping he'll be dead by the time I finished, but he has already avoided my attack twice.

Where are all these bugs coming from? I'm on the fourth floor of Dakin, so the critters would have quite a ways to go to reach my room from the front door. My window contains a screen that appears to be completely intact, unlike my room last year, where I used tape to plug up the hole. I don't live in a dirty room either. There's no food lying around; all my food is either in my refrigerator

or stored in a drawer. I empty my trash regularly, and don't have stuff lying around on the floor. My recycling bag is full right now, but I've never heard of flies being attracted to paper. Wherever the flies are coming from, their objective is clear: to annoy me personally.

The proof? If the flies are merely looking for food, they're doing it in all the wrong places. Today a few flies made passes at the hamburger I was trying to eat in Saga. Why incur the dangers of hunting food currently being eaten, when they could frequent the salad or deli bar? No one's claimed that food

**Wherever the flies are coming from, their objective is clear: to annoy me personally.**

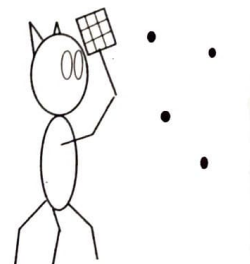
yet. The flies even blended in with crumbs from my chocolate brownie, such that I started trying to scare away small bits of an inanimate foodstuff (no, my attempts did not succeed).

It's worse in my room. The little pests like to land on my mouse hand while I'm at the computer (at least I don't have any real mice). They also seem to like my leg, where I will end up hurting my hand against my desk if I attempt to slap them. One especially mischievous fly decided to walk around on my forehead while I was trying to take a nap. I yelled, "Buggie, don't you realize I'm gonna kill you?!" Yes, I do regularly yell at animals and inanimate objects, and expect them to comprehend, if not respond.

However, this fly either did not comprehend or did not care, and so I finally had to put my whole head under the blanket to escape him.

Flies look small and weak, but they're fast and clever, very, very clever. They're not stupid at all; in fact, they're just having some fun in their free time. Annoying us is their sport! Fortunately, laws against killing don't extend to insects, so if you see a fly, have no mercy! They're nearly impossible to catch while they're flying around, but if you spot one on a flat surface, such as a wall or window, grab a wide, lightweight object (a course packet can be good), sneak up on the pestilence, and slam yourself into it! It's not quite sure-fire, but it does work... most of the time.

One on one we can defeat a fly, but if they ever gang up it's going to be real trouble. Flies existed long before humans, and they'll be here long after humans destroy themselves, no doubt bugging the planet's new so-called dominant life form. To my dismay, Fly #10 may yet have a chance for its descendants to be among them.



The article goblins attack flies

## NOBODY READ THIS BUT JYMM. SERIOUSLY.

Hey baby, nobody is reading this but you. Except for the perverts. Some of the perverts are most likely reading this. Any non-Jymms/non-perverts reading this are going to feel that I'm a really cheesy bastard wasting Omen space to write a really boring article.

You're my favorite person at Hampshire. Matthew and Beth are okay, but you know, they've got this whole weird scene happening. I'm enjoying living in a mod with you, not just because you're a crazy person who cleans all the time. In fact, you're crazy in a lot of ways, most of which I like a lot.

There's a lot about you that is very alien to me, things I don't totally understand, but I love you for. It blows me away the

fact that you can enjoy a bowl of Kraft macaroni more than I enjoy just about anything. You can read a post-card with the caption 'Some Bunny in Indiana Loves You' and break up smiling every single time. You can mock a movie for 2 hours, and then when then the main character hook up at the end and kiss you cry and do that weird thing where you fan your hand in front of your face. What is that? Are you trying to create enough wind to blow the tears back into your face?

I really love all these things. I love how easy it is to make you laugh, cry, go crazy happy. It's weird. I typically feel like my emotions are only decorational, and it blows me away the level at which you feel them. This causes you a lot of pain, but it

is wonderful. It also allows me to freak you out by calling your burger an Alex-Burger.

You do a lot that pisses me off. A lot. You play relationship games (although less & less), you delay things till the last minute leaving me responsible, you let yourself starve all day and then get mad when I don't offer you food you like.

None of these things matter at all. They're irrelevant. I love everything about you, and all those things are essential parts of you. You're the most beautiful girl I know, you proved to me that I'm not an ugly loser, you take care of me when I need it. You're wonderful, I'm in love with you, you're my girl.

Go away, perverts.



## HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE IS SO NOT THE UMASS

I thought the problem was simple at first. I had never seen a UMASer smoking a delicious cigarette as he or she walked to class. I wondered at first how they could be so déclassé. I scratched my head when I considered their interaction rituals. Did they discover the secret to making friends without bumming a cigarette? I pushed my frets aside when I realized that they weren't unrefined, they were merely primitive: a people who hadn't yet learned to harness the flame.

This assertion was validated at a "fire safety presentation" the next week. As I drove my bicycled vehicle through their crowds, I found myself halted by the congestion. A throng had

gathered around two dorm rooms, erected outside. I was looking at two freestanding rooms missing a fourth wall, thus permitting the audience to see inside. They were twins, decorated with posters and hats and computers, just like our modern singles. In fact, I might not have registered a difference were it not for the open face. I thought they were quite uneconomical, considering the costs of heating and air conditioning. I was just about to comment on this when the rooms were set ablaze.

How uncivilized, I thought, as I watched the walls turn black. Why, pray tell, wasn't anyone doing anything? Where was the fire department? Who was going to save those tapestries?

That's when I realized, the

fire fighters were already there. They were not fighting anything. The crowd bubbled and boiled, infected with the colic.

Yet our Post-September 11th superheroes were just watching, arms crossed, like 'twas a Punch and Judy. What brutishness! The rooms continued to burn, one faster than the other. Apparently that one had a sprinkler system of some sort that doused the flames. The other room, sadly, was lost to St. Elmo for none took to arms in the room's defense. I tacitly offered my sympathies to the officers whom would surely be digested by their supervisor's forthcoming vitriol. Though I felt any offense was rightly deserved.



by Rosalina Valdez, columnist

This weekend seemed quite the "I Need To Get Some" weekend party-wise. Never have I seen so many pent up students looking for some lovin'. I just had to sit back, laugh (or run, depending on how bad it got) and it reminded me of something that happened to me this summer....

It's a Tuesday night and I'm stuck behind the cash register.

"Hello, were you able to find everything without any trouble?"

"Oh, that's a great book. Do you know we have it in hard-cover?"

"Would you like to subscribe to our Borders Online newsletter?"

And so on....

I'm busy wrapping up a book for a customer when a woman in a long, forest green dress comes

running into the store.

"May I help you, ma'am?" (Yes, I say ma'am.)

"I'm (insert la-dee-da name here) and I'm here for the Flirting University talk and book signing. Can you tell your manager that I'm here and that I need help with my harp?"

Oh geezus, it's going to be one of THOSE nights.

I've worked at Borders for two

summers now and our store is known for having some crazies come in but this woman seemed like she was going to take the cake.

She has us lug her books, set up her table and her harp and she seems ready to go.

I take my dinner hour at 7 and

## NICE SHOES, WANNA FUCK?

Oh geezus, it's going to be one of THOSE nights.

as I'm getting a Coke from our Cafe all I can hear is, "On your marks, get set... FLIRTI!"

I hightail it to the backroom and pop in Office Space. Five minutes later, one of the new employees comes in. She's 19, mousy, cute, she's a girl that

seems the perky-preppy type. She's red faced and plops onto a chair.

"This guy just started flirting with me in the Cafe line."

Me: "Yeah.... so what, you should be used to it by now..."

"Rosie, they're teaching people out there to flirt with each other. It's scary out there."

Oh hell, just what we need.

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by Zak Kauffman, contributor

## NOBODY READ THIS BUT BETH

Hey Beth. This is Zak. Just me and you talking now, no one else.

When you're nearby I like to take off my pants and make you scream. Then I like to run after you while you scream, and act as if I'm going to take off the rest of my clothes and rub my things against you. Then I like to jump up and down while I slowly unbutton. Then you scream some more, and I move as if I'm going to grab your butt, making little pinching motions with my index fingers and thumb. You yell. Oh yes, you do.

Sometimes you go to fight back, so I just start unbuttoning faster and you scream and run away.

When I used to live on G-2 I would go to the shower in just a towel. Then I would see you coming by, and I would make as if to open my towel and you scream and avert your eyes. Then

I would open my towel and flash you while you weren't looking, and you would run away and yell for Matthew. Matthew would laugh. It's funny.

Now I have a Batman tattoo. You like my Batman tattoo.

You introduced me to Salsa con Queso. It is very sexy to say Salsa con Queso. Say it with me. Say it very slowly.

Sometimes I make the joke with Matthew that late at night he's going to sneak out of your bed and I'm going to sneak in. Then we laugh. Oh do we laugh.

Say sex Beth. Just say the word. Saying the word sex is very sexy. Are you aroused? I wonder.

Sex.

Hey Beth. How you doin'?





## LET'S WRITE BAND LYRICS IN WHITE-OUT ON OUR BOOKBAGS

by Beth Day, columnist

Whenever I play music loud on my hall of all first years, I can't help but wonder if they ever heard half of the obscure 90's songs I play that were the joy of my 9th and 10th grade years. Someone told me once that the music you love in early high school is the music you'll want to be popular for the rest of your life, and how true it is. The 90's including such a wide crazy diverse group of bands, from wannabe ska to wannabe swing and so on. So when I play my music, I can't help but go into thinking hey, when I was in 9th grade listening to this music these kids were in 6th grade. I don't even want to think about the music I liked in middle school. My music makes me feel old. In name of preserving this forgotten music, I bring to you the ultimate 90's "alternative" band one (and two) hit wonder list. This list is not a value judgement. A lot of these bands have other songs and other albums, and large followings within certain groups. I'm sure I've forgotten many bands/songs, and there's a lot of bands we argued about whether to include or not. However, my criteria simply looks at how these bands appeared to the general pop-culture world. These are the songs that got all the radio play. No one gave a shit about their second albums. They all fit into Zole's formula of "Remember \_\_\_\_? They had the \_\_\_\_ song." They shot to fame on one or two songs, had their fifteen minutes, and were quickly forgotten as popularity marched on without them. Enjoy.

At the Drive In - One Arm Scissor  
Belly - Feed the Tree  
Better than Ezra - Desperately Wanting; Good  
The Breeders - Cannonball  
Blind Melon - No Rain  
Bloodhound Gang - FireWaterBurn  
Blur - Song 2B  
Butthole Surfers - Pepper  
Candlebox - Far Behind; You  
Cardigans - Lovefool  
Cherry Poppin' Daddies - Zoot Suit Riot  
Chumbawumba - Tubthumping  
Civ - Can't Wait One Minute More  
Cornershop - Brimful of Asha  
Cracker - Low, Teen Angst (What the World Needs Now)  
Crash Test Dummies - Mmm Mmm Mmm  
Curve - Chinese Burn  
Dandelion - Under Your Skin  
Dandy Warhols - Not If You Were the Last Junkie on Earth  
Dee-lite - Groove Is in the Heart  
Deep Blue Something - Breakfast at Tiffany's  
Dig - Believe  
Dishwalla - Counting Blue Cars  
Dog's Eye View - Everything Falls Apart  
Dynamite Hack - Boyz in the Hood

Eagle Eye Cherry - Save Tonight  
Eddie Brickett - What I Got  
Eels - Novocain for the Soul  
Elastica - Connection  
Eve 6 - Inside Out; Beautiful Oblivion  
Eve's Plum - Jesus Loves You  
Fastball - The Way  
Filter - Hey Man Nice Shot  
Fiona Apple - Criminal; Fast As You Can  
Flaming Lips - She Don't Use Jelly  
Folk Implosion - Natural One  
For Squirrels - Mighty K. C.  
Fountains of Wayne - Radiation Vibe  
Fuel - Shimmer  
The Fun Loving Criminals - Scooby Snacks  
Geggy Tah - Whoever You Are  
Gin Blossoms - Hey Jealousy, Ellison Road  
Grant Lee Buffalo - Truly, Truly  
Gravity Kills - Guilty  
Goldfinger - Here in Your Bedroom  
Harvey Danger - Flagpole Sitta  
Heather Nova - Walk This World  
Hum - Stars  
Jamiroquai - Virtual Reality  
Jars of Clay - Flood  
Jawbox - Cornflake Girl (cover)  
Jill Sobule - I Kissed a Girl  
Jimmie's Chicken Shack - High

Joan Osborne - One of Us  
Juliana Hatfield - Universal Heart-beat  
King Missile - Detachable Penis  
K's Choice - Not an Addict  
Lemonheads - Mrs. Robinson  
Len - Steal My Sunshine  
Lit - My Own Worst Enemy  
Local H - Bound for the Floor; Fritz's Corner  
Luscious Jackson - Naked Eye  
Lush - Ladykiller  
Mad Season - River of Deceit  
Marcy Playground - Sex and Candy  
Matthew Pen - No Myth  
Matthew Sweet - Sick of Myself; Girlfriend  
Mazzy Star - Fade into You  
Meat Puppets - Backwater  
Meredith Brooks - Bitch  
Monster Magnet - Spacelord  
Nada Surf - Popular  
New Radicals - Music in You  
PJ Harvey - Down by the Water  
Poe - Angry Johnny; Trigger Happy Jack  
Porno for Pyros - Tahitian Moon  
Primitive Radio Gods - Standing Outside a Broken Phone Booth...  
Reel Big Fish - Sell-out

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I go out to see the carnage. There's something sad about seeing 40 or so people in their thirties go to a talk on how to flirt.

My dinner is over so I go back to the registers. And sure enough....

"Oh, hello, I see you bought the book from the talk tonight. How was it?"

"It was entertaining, informative."

"Oh... (awkward pause) I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"You know, you have mysterious looking eyes...."

"Ummm, thank you."

"No problem, I'll see you later."

Okay, they're getting it out of their systems. It'll all be over soon...

## NICE SHOES. WANNA FUCK?

"Hey there..."

"Hello sir, were you able to find everything you were looking for?"

"I have now..."

"Oh, alright. Well, would you like to subscribe to our online newsletter?"

"I love you."

"WHAT??"

"Your nametag...."

Sure enough, he's looking at my Borders nametag. "Rosie. Love me." Okay, I set myself up for that one.

A couple more customers go by and find some way of hitting on me. You don't know what to say because you know they're just trying out what they've learned.

At one point, one man throws several come on lines my way and is wondering why I'm not

responding back to them.

"Sir, I'm seeing someone. And no offense, but how seriously can I take a guy that is hitting on me after he has just sit in on a flirting workshop?"

"Good point."

I somehow survived that night without breaking that harp the woman played and when I thought all the nuttiness of the night was over, one last customer had to get a purchase.

"Excuse me Miss?"

Oh, phew, it's an old lady. Nothing can go wrong here.

"May I have this Southern Living?"

"Sure. Your total is..."

"Oh, I'm not done..."

and may I have your latest Penthouse?"



continued from previous page

## LET'S WRITE BAND LYRICS

Refreshments - Bandidos  
Rembrandts - I'll Be There for You  
Republica - Ready to Go; Drop  
Dead Gorgeous  
Ruby - Tiny Meat; Parafin  
Ruth Ruth - Uninvited  
Save Ferris - Come on Eileen  
Screaming Trees - All I Know  
Sebadoh - Ocean  
Semisonic - Closing Time; Singing in My Sleep  
Shaun Colvin - Sunny Came Home  
Silverchair - Tomorrow, etc.  
Sixpence None The Richer - Kiss Me  
Sneaker Pimps - 6 Underground;  
Spin Spin Sugar

Social Distortion - Story of My Life  
Soul Coughing - Super Bon Bon  
Space - Female of the Species  
Spacehog - In the Meantime  
Spin Doctors - Two Princes; Little Miss Can't Be Wrong  
Sponge - Wax Ecstatic  
Squirrel Nut Zippers - Hell  
SR-71 - Right Now  
Stereos MCs - Connected  
Stone Roses - Love Spreads  
Sugar - My Favorite Thing  
The Sundays - Summertime; That's Where the Story Ends  
Superdrag - Sucked Out  
Tainted Blood - 99 Bottles of Blood

Toadies - I Come from the Water; Possum Kingdom  
Toad the Wet Sprocket - Fall Down Tonic - If You Could Only See  
Tracy Bonham - Mother Mother, The One  
Tripping Daisy - I Got a Girl; Pirahna  
Veruca Salt - Seether, Volcano Girls  
The Verve - Bittersweet Symphony  
Verve Pipe - The Freshman  
Wanderlust - I Walked  
Wheatus - Teenage Dirt-bag  
White Town - Your Woman





## Section ZOLE

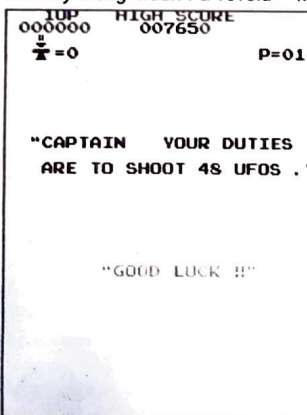


## NOT THE MOVIE. THE GAME.

This is a column about video games. You may not be into video games, but today I'm going to talk about one you probably know. It's called *Super Mario Bros.*

Back in 1980, when Nintendo still made arcade games, they made a bad one, a weak *Space Invaders* clone called *Radarscope*. As the story goes, Nintendo of America ordered far too many units of this game and it wasn't selling (presumably the other 7,000 *Space Invaders* clones were still popular). In a desperate attempt to salvage the *Radarscope* units, Nintendo needed a new game, and quick. The task of slapping together this game fell to a junior programmer named Shigeru Miyamoto. The game he made was *Donkey Kong*.

This stopgap game, of course, turned out to be one of the most popular arcade machines since *Pac-Man*. *Donkey Kong* wasn't a revolu-

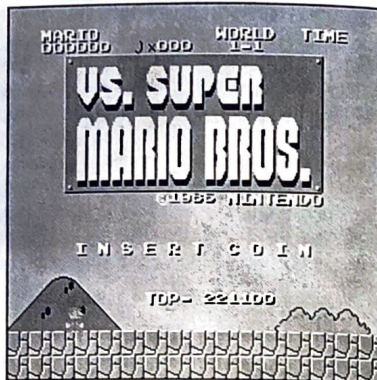


Pre-game prep from *Radarscope*

tionary game, but at the time it was notable in several ways. First, it wasn't set in space. Second, although each of its four stages had a common theme (climb a construction site to rescue the non-animated beauty Pauline from a big ape), they featured different obstacles and gameplay.

Third, Miyamoto designed the graphics to work around the limitations of the hardware. Mario had a moustache, thereby implying a mouth, and wore overalls, so you could see his arms. This is in stark contrast to many early games designed in America, where people were often represented with monochromatic stick figures. (Incidentally, *Donkey Kong* was originally named Jumpman, after his then-unique ability.)

A year later, Nintendo followed with *Donkey Kong Jr.*, which made a powerful statement about moral relativism by presenting a world where Mario is holding Donkey Kong captive and you must rescue him as Kong's t-shirt-wearing son. *Mario Bros.* (1983) paired Mario with his brother Luigi in what looks to be a sewer, where they fought turtles,



Arcade version of *Super Mario Bros.*

flies, crabs, and malevolent icicles. Aside from the introduction of Luigi, *Mario Bros.* introduced the concept of attacking monsters by hitting the floor they're standing on, as well as the mysterious "POW" block.

These were all great games, but if that had been the extent of Mario's adventure it would be hard to imagine that 20 years later, a new Mario game would double sales of Nintendo's latest console. The breakthrough was *Super Mario Bros.* (1986), released in the arcades and the Nintendo Entertainment System. The title would suggest an upgraded *Mario Bros.*, and it's true that some elements of the previous game snuck in (the turtles!), but this was a completely different game.

It scrolled. *Super Mario Bros.* wasn't the first game to employ scrolling. Not by a long shot. But

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## continued from previous page NOT THE MOVIE. THE GAME.

it was Mr. Miyamoto who introduced the genius idea of putting more stuff off the side of the screen, instead of an endless parade of near-identical scenery. Namco's *Xevious* (1982), for example, had a scrolling background, but its contribution to gameplay was minimal (it gave you stuff to bomb). Take away the background and you're a spaceship waiting for dimwitted aliens to float by, just like *Galaga*. Mario, on the other hand, took place in a world (the Mushroom Kingdom, to be exact). Different levels had different topography, from the basic road levels, to the water worlds, the precarious sky jump and the underground dungeons and castles. There were fourteen enemies, and as you walked forward, any

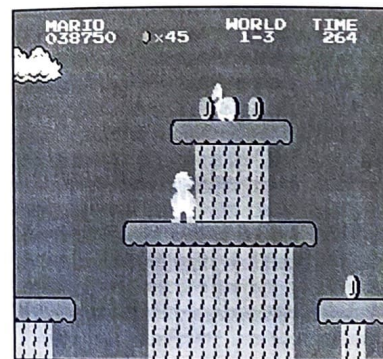
your goal? *Super Mario* added: should the coin block be located here? Or over there? Should this pit be three blocks wide or four? This may seem trivial, but the exact placement of blocks and enemies had a discernable effect on gameplay. One obvious result was more variety: with 32 levels, it takes a while to see the whole game; you can see everything *Pac-Man* has to offer in a few seconds. What's more, each successive level was harder than the last, not because the enemies were faster or deadlier, but because the levels were more demanding. The final level, 8-4, demands such precise timing and poise that I didn't conquer it until 1997. Today, level design is an accepted field, and there is literature on what makes a level fun or frustrating. Back then, the *Super Mario* team had to figure it all out on their own, and yet the level design still holds

peaceful mushroom people was invaded by the Koopa, a tribe of turtles famous for their black magic. The quiet, peace-loving Mushroom People were turned into mere stones, bricks and even field horse-hair plants, and the Mushroom Kingdom fell into ruin.

One day the kingdom of the peaceful mushroom people was invaded by the Koopa, a tribe of turtles famous for their black magic.

Almost immediately, Nintendo started packaging *Super Mario Bros.* (along with the less ambitious *Duck Hunt*) with the Nintendo Entertainment System "Action Set". If the quality of *Super Mario* alone didn't make the brave plumber a household name, surely giving every NES owner a copy of the game helped. For my late-80's gaming crew, *Mario* was the eternal standby, and we played it so much you might think we got sick of it.

Well, we did. *Super Mario Bros.* is a great game, but its longevity is not infinite. Once you've played the more easily accessible levels a few dozen times, you start to see the game's flaws; running through the levels is pretty dull once you get the patterns down. Still, you'd be hard pressed to find another game which has had such a profound impact on future games. I shudder to think what would happen if *Super Mario Bros.* were never produced. I'd be running out to buy a copy of *Frogger Sunshine*, no doubt.



Mario bravely conquers the invaders of the Mushroom Kingdom

one of them could wander in to get all up in your face.

In my opinion, *Super Mario* marked the birth of level design. Before, a game's design was all in the play mechanics: What do the enemies do? What are the player's abilities? What's

up. It's also worth noting that *Super Mario* added a real, non-ape villain, and something resembling a story. I quote from the manual's "Object of the game / game description": One day the kingdom of the

## DEMO IS JAPANESE FOR "BUT..."

A lot of demos have been released lately. The list is mostly made up of sequels, one of them to no more an illustrious name than *Unreal Tournament*. I've managed to play some of them, so here's a roundup of what I've been able to play.

### *Unreal Tournament 2003*

No list of demos is complete without one of the most anticipated games of the year. Reviewers seem to enjoy the demo with a few exceptions. I have somewhat mixed feelings about it, myself. If I had to pick a word, it would be an imaginary word, "whelmed." I wasn't overwhelmed with the changes or new gameplay additions; most of these changes are relatively small ones.

But I was also not underwhelmed, which is the important part: I still found the game to be significantly different than its predecessor, and still a lot of fun. They must have changed some critical combination of factors because overall pace of UT2003 the game is different from that of UT. It's much more frantic, particularly in DM, and a number of factors seem to contribute to this.

The bot AI has been improved significantly. They behave much more like you'd expect players to. If there's health in a room and they're hurt, they might break off the engagement and zig-zag their way to their goal.

In terms of gameplay, there's a fair amount that's changed, though it's mostly little things. The exception to that rule is the omission of Assault. This was one of my favorites (and by all accounts, one of the most popular

gameplay types in UT), so I'm a little disappointed. It's been replaced with Bombing Run, a CTF variant wherein there is a ball and you must score with the ball. You can't fire any weapons while carrying it, but you can pass it to other teammates (or even an opponent, which means you could just pass, kill him, and then retake the ball). I played it for a while, and it was okay, but I don't think it'll make up for the loss of Assault.

Another intriguing addition is Adrenaline. When you get kills (especially multiple kills without dying), your Adrenaline meter fills up. You can also fill it up by collecting pills, and once you reach 100, you can do one of four special moves by using different combinations of movement keys. (Check out our nifty sidebar for specific combinations!) Also introduced is the mechanic of double jumping. After you execute a normal jump, if you hit the jump key again within a certain time, you'll get another little jump. It's a small touch, but a lot of fun.

One thing that hasn't changed much are the weapons which is probably my biggest disappointment with the game. In UT2003, the weapons are more or less the same as those in UT, with some improvements and some tweaks that fix some balance issues in UT. For instance, the Lightning Gun is a remix of the Sniper Rifle, with a significantly slower rate of fire and a trail allowing your assailants to assess the direction from which you fired.

It goes without saying that the game is very good looking, but it shouldn't go without saying that even with a system that meets the

recommended specs, you might have performance issues. There are a lot of nicely curved surfaces on the outdoor map, in addition to the standard particle effects. When it comes right down to it, though, I think I'd rather just have a game that ran better.

I thought long and hard about how many Huzzahs to give UT2003, and in the end, I give it three and a half out of five Huzzahs. UT2003 is a good game, although that's going to depend a lot on how much you liked the original UT. I wouldn't mind the lack of new weapons except that Assault is gone, and that's what I'm really going to miss.

### *Delta Force: Black Hawk Down*

DF:BHD is a tactical squad based FPS set in Somalia, if I recall correctly, which may raise some hackles. Personally, I don't care. The demo is version 0.0.3, so it's difficult to comment on it when so much of it could change. There are only three multiplayer maps, and each of them is essentially the same map with different environmental conditions.

Even without having played multiplayer due to our shitty connection, it's obvious that this game has some exciting options. Helicopters are constantly buzzing the city that periodically land. You can climb in and use the side mounted cannon to fire on enemies as you ride around. You have a decent assortment of weapons, even including a sidearm, though it's difficult to tell how they're balanced without having played.

As I said, this demo is very much a work in progress, so it's difficult to complain about it at

this point, as you don't know what they're going to change or not, but here's a brief rundown. My biggest complaint is that the weapons are very accurate, especially given the fact that recoil doesn't affect your aim. You can jump absurdly high, which is unfortunately necessary if you want to be able to explore everything on the available map. I also discovered that jumping out of a helicopter doesn't damage you.

I'm not going to give it any Huzzahs because it's not fair to grade a work in progress. This is a game I'm going to be looking for to see how it develops. In the meantime, I'll be lusting after America's Army.

### *Iron Storm*

Iron Storm is a FPS set in an alternate universe wherein the year is 1962 and World War I never ended. The demo includes two missions for the single player campaign, and since those are all I've played, that's all I'm going to cover.

The first mission aims to show you the hell that is trench warfare. There is constant gunfire echoing in the background, and an occasional artillery shell shakes the ground. Rotting bodies litter the trenches, and once, you even see a fellow soldier go to check out an area, only to get blown away by a sniper.

The second mission puts you in an urban setting, with bombed out and ruined buildings. This area of the game doesn't promote the same kind of tension as the first, but instead aims to convince you to just hole up someplace and hide.

While the atmosphere and level is good, the missions structure is somewhat odd. The second mission is standard "fight your

way out" stuff, but the first one is a bit more strange in a couple of ways. The only real way to figure out what you're supposed to do is to wander around everywhere. Even if you do manage to find out what you're supposed to be doing, there's no guarantee that you found the tools necessary to accomplish your goal. Health is a little weird. There's a health pack or two in the trenches, and they are very useful. However, if you manage to use those up (and you probably will, what with how good the snipers are), you'll need to walk a long way to the medical ward in order to pick another one up. It hardly seems worth it when you can load and save all the time.

Weapon balance on the map is also somewhat mixed, with some of them being standard shooter fare and others being a bit different. Sometimes it's difficult to tell what sort of role a weapon is supposed to play, since a lot of them seem to fulfill similar roles, or fill in roles that really aren't necessary. Or, in other cases, a weapon is just exceedingly powerful. For instance, the SMG is better than the pistol, but there are a couple of other automatic weapons that either fire faster or are heavier hitting. Unless you can't find something better, it seems like the SMG is pretty useless. The sniper rifle, by contrast, is perhaps the most powerful weapon in the game, as it's always one hit, one kill.

This becomes particularly frustrating in combination with how the AI is designed. Snipers are very, very good to the point where it doesn't matter if you're lying prone with 50% cover. In order to take a sniper out, you must slowly nudge your way from behind cover and hope that their first shot misses so you can retali-

ate.

On the second map, there is less of a realism issue with this, since it's reasonable that a sniper could be covering a very small space in a city. Nevertheless, the enemy often automatically sees you once you see them, regardless of how sneaky you're being about it.

Fortunately, this doesn't happen all of the time, which means there are a few really cool points that make use of usual FPS stuff as well as a little bit of stealth. The AI occasionally holes up somewhere, which means you need to flush them out with grenades, or just come out with a shotgun blazing.

There are also some other satisfying moments, such as when you're using the assault rifle available on the second map; it comes with a scope, which means you can line up some pretty nice shots on foes who need to get closer for their weapons to be effective.

Since I'm mentioning this in other reviews, I should mention it here. I wasn't really impressed with Iron Storm's performance, nor was I disappointed. I don't know what the specs are, but I was able to turn up the settings and have a good experience. The atmosphere that they work so hard for doesn't really include much eye candy, though, which may or may not bother you.

Three Huzzahs. It seems like there's some potential here. Atmosphere is something they have down very well. If they can keep that up, then some small gameplay tweaks would be a good step towards becoming a winner. This means weapon balance and AI should be tweaked, since both have their share of problems. The mission structure is also a little weird, but hey, it's called a demo

for a reason.

### No One Lives Forever 2

I never played the original, so I can't really compare, but let me say, this is one terribly cool demo. The sequel stays true to the 60's spy movie theme, with all the right kind of music, character design, and tacky colors.

One thing that immediately struck me about this game the

**A**ssuming the standard WASD format, you can execute the following effects. The effects wear off in time as your Adrenaline is constantly trained from 100.

**Berserk:** WWSS will make you go Berserk, doubling the ROF of all of your weapons.

**Invisibility:** DDAA or something along those lines makes you Invisible.

**Speed:** WWWW increases your movement speed.

**Booster:** SSWW enables regeneration (and when your health fills up, you'll start generating shields!).

minute I dropped in was the combination of stealth and role-playing elements, bringing to mind games like Deus Ex and System Shock 2. Throughout the game, you're awarded skill points. You get skill points for accomplishing routine tasks, such as completing required objectives, but you also receive points for exploring areas and gathering intelligence. If you have enough skill points, you can spend them to improve a given category of skills.

The categories themselves are intriguing enough. If you improve Search, you will be able to search bodies faster and you'll be

more likely to find things that are useful. Improving your Weapons category allows you to load and reload faster, and also decreases the time it takes for you to steady your weapon when you stop moving. High levels of Stealth allow you to hide in shadows more quickly, make less noise while moving about, and aids in escaping pursuers.

What is also remarkable about the categories in NOLF2 is that most of them seem to lead to an equally viable play-style. If you prefer a more Thief-style game, you might improve Stealth, Search, and Marksmanship. Those of you who prefer to use brute force might go for Stamina, Weapons, Carrying, and Armor.

If this isn't enough to convince you of the depth of gameplay, then let me go on. In case it isn't obvious, enemies hear and see you. It's possible to make silent takedowns with a taser, but enemies will eventually wake up. If you kill someone, a nearby enemy will notice, which is why you should pick up the bodies of your victims and move them to a more discreet location.

I heartily approve of the search feature. The first map is populated by female ninja that wield katanas and throw shuriken. If you search one of their bodies, you'll receive a katana and shuriken. There's also a bit of humor involved here, as in addition to the weapons, an amusing miscellaneous item pops up. These items include such gems as melted bean candy, a tube of lip gloss, and my personal favorite, a tissue heavily used by someone with a bad cold. Occasionally, you'll receive something useful, but at the default skill level, it's a humorous message more often than not.

As if that's not enough, the

game also plays as well as it looks. The models are incredibly well designed. Cate Archer's eyes in particular caught my attention. While they don't seem to be modeled more realistically, they are certainly animated in such a way that gives her a lot of character. Similarly, the way her lips move manage to convey a kind of realism I haven't really seen in any other game. The model animations are also very cool.

It also doesn't hurt that it runs pretty well on my machine, even with all of the settings turned up.

The item models and animations all have little touches that make them look cool or realistic, and they're all very much in character. One such item is the keychain light: when you switch to it, Cate flips it out with a slick gesture. Likewise, the Angry Mechanical Kitty (I don't remember the actual name) meows periodically and opens its mouth.

This demo receives a resounding four Huzzahs. I never finished this demo, but that's primarily due to lack of time. It's got character, with its artfully crafted atmosphere tacky 60's theme. The gameplay mechanics of stealth and weapon accuracy depending on how quickly you're moving is delicious enough, but they take it a step further by allowing you to improve upon these and more. Finally, the game itself is very pretty; the models are very, very good looking, and their eyes move about realistically. With this game, it's just one good thing after another.

Well, that about wraps it up for now. Depending on what kind of mood I'm in, I may or may not review the current love of my gaming life, America's Army. Stay tuned.



## OUT OF THE FRYING PAN ...

by Michael Bennl Pierce, F98

**W**ell, here I am. I've finally made it. I'm in the big time now. I'm living in New York, getting paid the big bucks, and keepin' it real while hangin' with my homies. It's the post-college dream, and I only have one person to thank for that. Me. That's right. Me. I worked damn hard to get where I am. I pushed myself hard in high school, manhandled the institution that was Hampshire College, and then poked and prodded the city of New York until she bled. One drop of blood. That's all I needed.

Now, here I am, living the lifestyle of possession and experience, trying not to think about what the future may still hold for me. Instead, I continue to tell myself that the future is now. The future is now. But then, what *does* the future hold for me?

Riding the subway to get to work day after day, I find myself listening to my brand new iPod, reading the poetry that Barnes and Nobles is kind enough to print on the subway train walls. This regular advertisement, entitled, "Poetry in Motion," featured the work of T.S. Eliot on one specific car. I could not help reading it as I was trying to distract myself from the blind violin playing man.

The words of the poem

didn't exactly move me, but they got me to think about Hampshire for some reason. In fact, it made me remember the very thing I hate about the school, but at the same time, reminded me that it's my duty to pass on my wisdom to counteract that hatred. If one student reads this and heeds my words, there shall be one less asshole at Hampshire College:

"the mind is conscious but conscious of nothing - " refers to the mind of a child, the inexperienced being, alive but unable to grasp a hold of what's going on around it.

"...be still, and wait without hope" In other words, be patient, and don't anticipate the

"the mind is conscious but conscious of nothing-  
I said to my soul, be still, and wait without hope  
For hope would be hope for the wrong time; wait without love  
For love would be love of the wrong thing; there is yet faith  
But the faith and the love and the hope are all in the waiting.  
Wait without thought, for you are not ready for thought:  
So the darkness shall be light, and the stillness the dancing."

-T.S. Eliot "The Four Quartets"

future - don't create expectations. Simply wait. False expectations lead to false hope, and usually disappointment.

"Wait without thought, for you are not ready for thought." Knowledge is a dangerous thing, and sometimes, we aren't prepared for it. Responsibility comes with time, just like growing up to be tall enough to ride on roller coast-

ers (unless you're a midget, dwarf, or freak of nature.)

"So the darkness shall be light, and the stillness the dancing." And while you wait, that which surrounds you will guide you, and that which means nothing shall be your salvation.

So... what does that mean? Here's what I took away from it: At every moment of your life, you believe you know what's best for yourself. Of course, ten years later, you might regret some of those decisions you've made. In other words, the less experience you have, the more likely you are to make a bad decision, which is not a bad thing in and of itself, but at the same time, you have to recognize this fact. I guess what I'm trying to say is that sometimes, and only sometimes, you should listen to what someone older than you has to say, because you might learn

something. Of course, I'm the last person I'd listen to if I were you, but then again, that's something I'd most likely regret later on.

Anyway, I've got dishes to clean, clothes to wash, a computer to defragment, and bills to pay. I'm sure all of you are foaming at the mouth in anticipation...



# SHORT ATTENTION SPAN LIBRARY

OR, THE READERS' GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE FOR COMATOSE PEOPLE

It is a well-known fact that Div IIs, by the time they're done being Div IIs, are stupider than they were when they were Div IIs (though perhaps a little wiser than when they were Div IIs). Their attention spans are reduced to nothing, and the harmless vices and diversions of their last semesters become perpetual habits. E.g., Gabriel McKee (F97) works in a comic book shop (with a guy named "Scooter") and gets paid solely in comic books. And now it takes me months to read a whole book cover to cover – when I can summon up the ambition to read a whole book. (That "whole book", by the way, is Haruki Murakami's *Hard Boiled Wonderland and the End of the World*.) When this happens to you (and it will), make sure you have quality material for short attention spans on hand – below are some suggestions.

## Tokion.

Reasonably priced, \$5.95 or thereabouts. Available in your very own campus store, chargeable to your student account (a.k.a. your parents).

I admit that I started picking up this magazine because it's exquisitely designed, but, to my delight, the interviews are just as worthwhile. The "Fantasy" issue from a couple months back included satisfying pieces on j-pop icons (Puffy, a.k.a. "Puffy AmiYumi", not to be mistaken for Puff Daddy; also, Kahimi Karie, the self-proclaimed "kitten of all Japan"), cult heroes (Mark Mothersbaugh), the disturbingly upbeat Andrew WK, and some

guy who directs porn. And when you don't feel like reading, you can smirk at the wanky fashion spreads, or stare blankly at the Japanese type (most of the text is presented in parallel English and Nihongo).

## McSweeney's.

Various priced, but never cheap; current number (No.8) is \$18. Occasionally sold in the campus store, and presently available at Atticus.

To determine whether you ought to invest in a copy of the latest McSweeney's, draw the following Venn diagram:

1. Pick up the red crayon. Draw a circle and color it in to the best of your abilities. Label it "They Might Be Giants Fans" in your best penmanship.



"Swamp Thing": Just get laid already

2. Return the red crayon to its rightful place in the box. Remove the blue crayon and draw another circle (partially overlapping the red one), and label this "Devoted Readers of Acme Novelty Library."

3. Draw a third circle, using the yellow crayon (press hard, as yellow tends to show up lighter than the previous two colors), overlapping both the red and

blue circles. This yellow circle is to be labeled "Magnetic Fields Fans, Or Other Folks Of Good [If Occasionally Pretentious] Taste." (Maintaining legibility whilst inscribing this awkwardly long phrase may require creativity. Or just substitute "English Majors.")

Now, locate yourself in the diagram. If you are in the muddy, brownish grey spot in the middle where all three circles intersect (and you're in good company, or whatever kind of company the author of this article is), you are obligated to purchase the current McSweeney's, and all the back issues that you can get your grubby little hands on. If you find yourself in a wedge of non-primary color to one side or the other, a McSweeney's may yet be a sound purchase, or at least an excusable impulse buy (if \$20 or so is within your price range for impulse buys). If you find yourself anywhere in the red circle, it is worth your while, if only for the accompanying CD, to track down a copy of the sold-out McSweeney's No.6, a limited quantity of which are still in stock at the official They Might Be Giants online store: <<http://store.yahoo.com/tmbg-catalog/specmcsweenb.html>>. Inhabitants of the blue circle will find this same issue valuable for the sake of Chris Ware's inappropriately-depressing children's comic about a lonely frog and his banjo.

**The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen. Also, Promethea.** \$2.95 per issue; collected in \$20ish trade paperbacks. Avail-

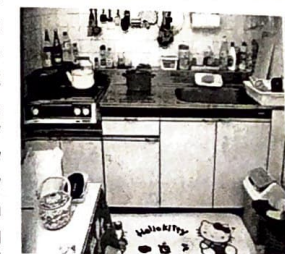
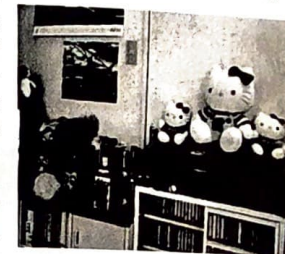
# SHORT ATTENTION SPAN LIBRARY

able wherever good comics are sold, namely, the newly-opened *Modern Myths in Northampton* (next to Kinko's, across the street from the post office, open seven days a week, run by nice friendly people who always seem to be playing *Shonen Knife* or the *Smiths*).

The work of Alan Moore (praised extensively in the *Omen* last year, so I'll try to keep this short) continues to be absolutely brilliant. *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*, though set in the same location and time period as his classic *From Hell*, is in all other ways its opposite, being surprisingly light, giddily fantastical, and lavishly colored. The League consists of (fictionally) pre-existing characters (Captain Nemo, the Invisible Man, et cetera), who form a sort of Justice League Victoria, and the story is primarily told from the point of view of Wilhelmina ("Mina") Murray (recently divorced from Jonathan Harker and consistently refusing to remove the scarf from around her neck).

*Promethea* is also highly recommended. The artwork cleverly follows the characters as they move through different regions of heaven and earth and through distinct visual styles from art nouveau to pulp covers to Van Gogh. As noted in Gabriel McKee's "The Fine Art of Panelhandling" (in the last *Omen* issue of the spring 2002 semester), the page compositions are startlingly original, and essential to the narrative. The writing is classic Alan Moore superhero mysticism (Alan Moore, by the way, is a

scary man who looks more like Charles Manson than Charles Manson does), but it's fortunately lacking in the heavy-handedness that occasionally reared its well-meaning head in some of his earlier material (V for *Vendetta* and his groundbreaking work on DC's *Swamp Thing* come to mind – but read them anyway).



"Tokyo: a certain style": There's always room for Kitty

Still, because this is Alan Moore, no one can just have sex – it has to be a huge production, a Hitchcock-dream-sequence-meets-Busby-Berkeley-extravaganza kind of epiphany that takes up an entire issue, so that the characters involved can discover the true nature of the universe and whatnot.

**Tokyo: a certain style**, Kyoichi Tsuzuki.

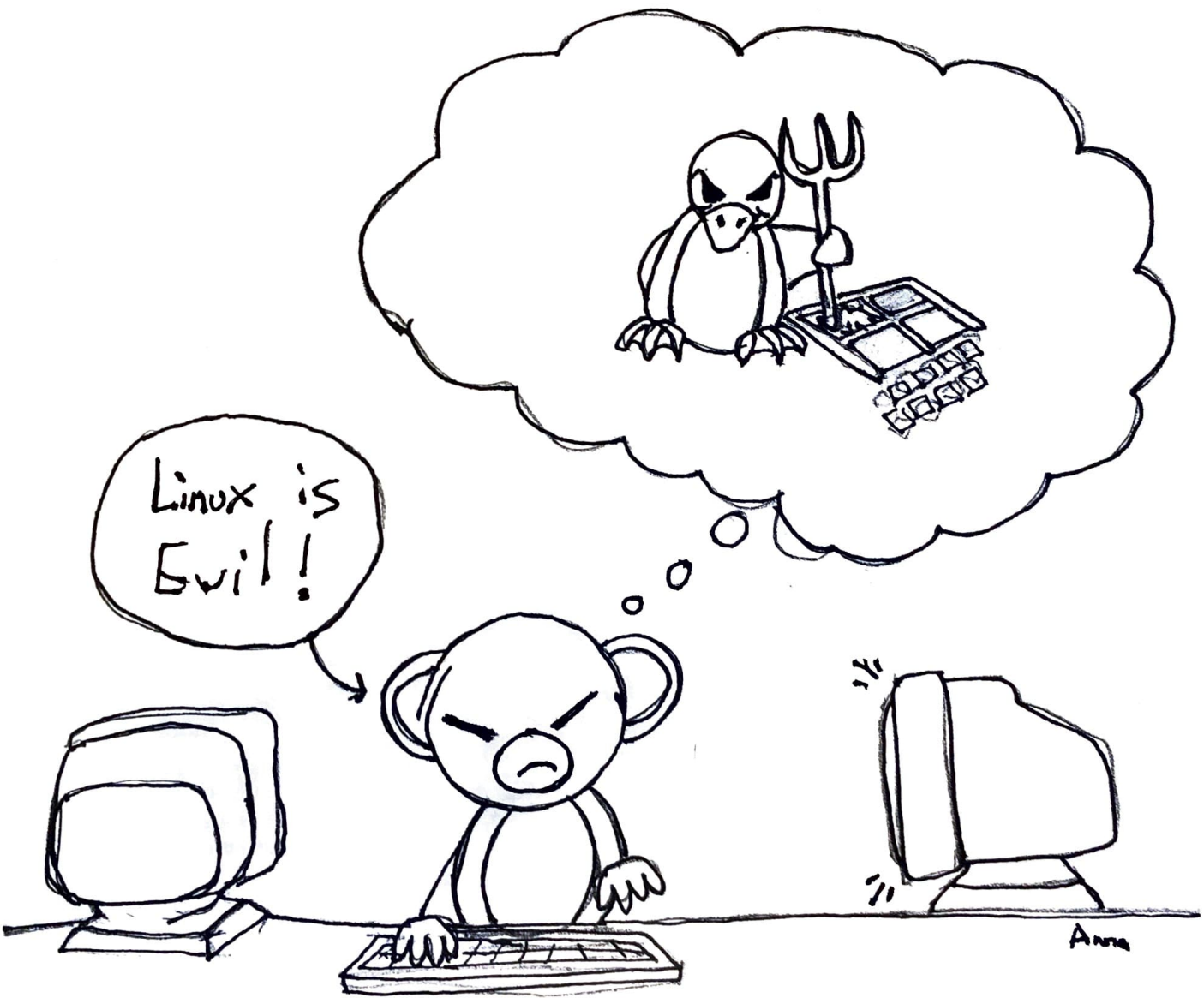
\$12.95 – this is a book, not a serial, but it's cheaper than McSweeney's, and it's even

cheaper on half.com.

While it's not the relentless eye-candy of Aoki Shoichi's *Fruits*, this book is another fun bunch of pictures for Japanophiles to flip through idly. (There's no need to go through it in any particular sequence, the text is limited to brief captions for the most part, and it's conveniently pocket-sized.) With his color photographs of cramped Tokyo apartments, Tsuzuki aspires to "put an end to this media trickery, giving poor ignorant foreigners only images of the most beautiful Japanese apartments to drool over." Rather than depicting the "minimal-chic rooms" of hip design magazines and "neo-Zen contemporary architecture" that no one really lives in, the images in *Tokyo: a certain style* promote "the art of living well in small quarters." Dakin and Merrill residents can relate.

genbakumusume: shiraz,  
if you have time, can you  
read this and tell me if it's not  
completely incomprehensible  
to people who aren't, you  
know, me?  
rashiz: sure  
rashiz: much better than writ-  
ing my multi bullshit  
rashiz: or playing this damn  
game  
genbakumusume: sent.  
rashiz: k  
rashiz: yes it makes sense  
rashiz: i need to read more  
genbakumusume: no, no  
one needs to read more  
genbakumusume:  
reading leads to  
head-explodey





Linux is  
Evil!

Anna